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# Bill Brown

Author Unknown

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# BILL



# BROWN.

HARKNESS, PRINTER, 121, & 122,



CHURCH STREET, PRESTON.

In seventeen hundred and sixty-nine,  
As plainly doth appear then,  
A bloody scene was felt most keen,  
Till death it did draw near then,  
Of poor Bill Brown of Brightside town,  
A lad of well known fame then.  
Who took delight both day and night,  
To trace the timid hare then.  
With wires strong they march'd along,  
Unto brave Thriberg town then,  
With nut brown ale that ne'er did fail,  
And many a health went round then,  
Bright Luna bright did shine that night,  
To the woods they did repair then,  
True as the sun their dogs did run,  
To trace the lofty hare then.  
A lofty breeze amongst the trees,  
While shining he came on then,  
Like Cain he stood seeking for blood.  
With his bayonet and his gun then,  
Then he did charge with shot quite large,  
George Miller did him him spy then,  
This rogue's intent was fully bent  
One of us poor lads should die then.  
His cruel band he did command,  
That instant for to fire then,  
And so with strife took poor Brown's life,  
Which once he thought entire then,  
His blood aloud for vengeance cried,  
The keeper he came on then,  
Like a cruel Cane up to him came,  
And so renew'd his wounds then.  
Now this dear soul ne'er did control,  
Nor think that man no ill then,  
But to Dalton Brook his mind was struck  
While his clear blood did spill then;  
For help he cried, but was denied,  
No one there nigh him stood then,  
And there he lay till break of day,  
Dogs licking his dear blood then.

Farewell dear heart, now we must part,  
From wife and children dear then,  
Pity my room it was so soon,  
That ever I came here then;  
Farewell unto the brave dear lads,  
Whoever range the fields then,  
This cruel man's murdering hand,  
Has caused me for to yield then.  
In grief and pain till death it came,  
To embrace his dear soul then.  
Who took its flight to heaven straight,  
Where no man can control then,  
The country round heard of the sound,  
Of poor Brown's blood being spilt then,  
'Twas put in vogue, to find the rogue,  
That justice might be done then,  
With irons strong, he march'd along,  
Unto York Castle fair then,  
In a dark cell was doom'd to dwell,  
Till the judge he did appear then;  
George Miller bold, as I've been told,  
Deny it here who can then,  
He ne'er was loath to take his oath,  
Brown was a murder'd man then.  
There was a man who there did stand,  
Whose heart did shake amain then,  
But gold did fly they can't deny,  
Or at Tyburn he'd been hung then;  
They'd ne'er been bold, to hear it told,  
To hear of Shirtly's doom then,  
The Judge put it off to God on high,  
Or they might have judg'd him soon then.  
There brave Ned Greaves never did fail  
To crown poor Bill Brown's name then,  
George Miller brave defies each knave  
That travels o'er the plain then;  
With sword and gun now he will run,  
Though the law it doth maintain then,  
Yet poor Brown's blood lost in the wood,  
For vengeance cries amain then.